

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Fire Drill in the Big Printing Shop



FIRE. The word was passed around among amateur firefighters of the government printing office one afternoon recently. The fire brigade is said to consist of about a dozen laborers.

Really there was no fire about the big printing office, save in the engine room furnaces and under the smelting pots.

Some one high in authority at the printery had read a newspaper account of a disastrous conflagration in the west. The story of the blaze put the notion in his head to resurrect a "general order" of several years' standing which provides for a fire drill at intervals.

It was near to the hour for closing down "the works," 4:30 o'clock, when the edict went forth that the fire brigade was to assemble quickly and from the new building attack an imaginary conflagration in the old structure across the alley, which separates the new from the old.

Upon the receipt of the order from the front office the amateur firemen got busy without delay. There was a dragging forth of hose and other apparatus for fighting "the red demon." A tall man, who seemed to be in supreme command of the firemen, gave the orders in cool, confident tones.

Innumerable hose lines were connected with fire plugs in the new building. Nozzles were aimed at the venerable structure across Jackson alley. As the streams of water began to play and the spray was rising in clouds, like the mist from Niagara Falls, the printers, bookbinders, woman folders and other workers began to file out of the buildings.

There is an order that the exit of the workmen and workwomen must be through the side doors along the alley and G street. Consequently, as the head of the line of workers reached the doors on the alley and witnessed the deluge of water crashing against the walls of the old building and flying back in foaming masses, they tried to force their way back into the new structure.

Hundreds of toilers behind, not aware of the conditions in front, pressed forward and forced the front rank out into the alley and into the torrents of flying water. The ensued a scene of excitement.

"Con" Men Find Virginian Easy Mark



A STORY told at police headquarters by Clarence Davis of Glenallen, Va., recalled to older members of the force the day when confidence men had full sway here. The Virginian related that three men had inveigled him into matching twenty-five-cent pieces in a room at the Raleigh hotel, and that they had disappeared, one of them taking \$458 belonging to him.

When Davis reached the city and he registered at a hotel near John Marshall place and Pennsylvania avenue, he was seated on the coping at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 7th street when a stranger spoke to him. He did not hesitate to tell the stranger he was from near Richmond, and the latter said he was acquainted with people in Richmond.

The Virginian informed the stranger that he was thinking of going to New York, and that he was a bricklayer by trade.

"So am I a bricklayer," the stranger said, "and I'm out of work."

Army of Bees Sting Horses to Death



A TEAM of horses, stung by a couple of bees, plunged madly into twenty hives, upsetting them, releasing an army of 80,000 angry bees, which stung the horses to death, a few days ago, over on the Virginia side of the Potomac river.

The negro driver, who ran at the first alarm, did not escape unscathed. Thousands of bees pursued his flight, and he was terribly stung, but lives. A dozen or more irresponsible bees were flying about the grounds at the home of Dr. Reginald Munson, on the Columbia pike, near Arlington, where he has forty horses. The horses, attached to a coal wagon, worried by their humming, slapped at the bees with their tails. The bees retaliated, stinging the horses.

The horses, wild with alarm at the unusual attack, plunged madly about the yard, upsetting twenty hives and releasing some ten bushels of bees.

Fervid Vocabulary Cause of Arrest



THE lone policeman who stands guard by the District building in Washington was making his rounds placidly when there dawned upon his horrified mind the fact that a horse was standing with his fore feet upon the District building's own sidewalk.

The horse was hitched to a two-seated surrey. Upon a seat of the surrey sat a gentleman with a broad black hat.

"Get that horse off the sidewalk," said the policeman.

"If you want this horse to get off that sidewalk you put him off yourself, you—!" The remainder of the sentence was more in the way of ex-

about \$0,000 in all. These bees immediately attacked the horses, stinging them so badly that both animals died within an hour.

Dr. Munson has long been an enthusiastic apiarist. His hives are located in the yard at one side of his house.

The coal wagon, driven by George Low, drew up in front of the place about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Low was a little dubious about venturing inside. He could plainly hear an occasional buzzing that was not altogether music to his ears.

A black swarm of buzzing bees immediately flew toward the horses and Low. The latter went scampering down the road with his hands up to his face, brushing away a thousand or more of the insects which had gathered about him.

The frightened horses were almost instantly covered with the insects. They started to turn toward the road, but sank limply in the traces, whinnying wildly with pain.

The entire neighborhood was instantly aroused. A crowd collected at a safe distance to watch the unusual event. No one dared at first to go to the rescue of the horses.

And then there followed a controversy.

It was heated, to use a well-worn but perfectly good phrase, and in the end the policeman hopped into the buggy and took the broad-batted gentleman around to police station No. 1, where it became evident that the prisoner was a southerner and was being charged with profanity—and lots of it, varied, variegated, lurid, personal and original.

The southern gentleman kept it going to some extent even while he was being examined at No. 1, but he did quit in time to let them know that he was not the owner of the horse.

About this time a hatless, breathless real estate agent rushed out of the District building.

"Somebody's run off with my horse and buggy! Where did they go?" he shouted.

Meantime No. 1 had managed to cool the southern gentleman to a state where he would disgorge \$5 as col-

A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.

Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Skidmore St., Portland, Ore., says: "My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HE'D HAD SOME HARD KNOCKS.



"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

"Fortune is a knocker, all right."

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nanning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

What's the Answer?

We're ready to quit! After sending two perfectly rhymed, carefully scanned, pleasurable sentimental pieces of poetic junk to seventeen magazines and having them returned seventeen times, we turn to the current issue of a new monthly and find a "pome" modeled after Kipling's "Vampire," and in which home is supposed to rhyme with alone, run on page eleven with all the swell curlicues ordinarily surrounding a piece of real art. If poetizing is a gift we are convinced that this poet's must have been. As for us, we are on our way to the woodshed to study the psychology of the ax or any other old thing that hasn't to do with selling poetry to magazines.

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Cost of Spontaneity.

"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice."

"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*. In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

An Exception.

Callers—Is Mrs. Brown at home? Artless Parlor Maid (smiling confidentially)—No, ma'am—she really is out this afternoon.

Controlled Newspapers.

The Atchison Globe says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the Globe is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—Emporia Gazette.

Unflattering Truth.

A Chicago physician gleefully tells a child story at his own expense. The five children of some faithful patients had measles, and during their rather long stay in the improvised home hospital they never failed to greet his daily visit with pleased acclamation. The good doctor felt duly flattered, but rashly pressed the children, in the days of convalescence, for the reason of this sudden affection. At last the youngest and most indiscreet let slip the better truth.

"We felt so sick that we wanted awfully to do something naughty, but we were afraid to be bad for fear you and the nurse would give us more horrid medicine. So we were awfully glad to see you, always, 'cause you made us sick out our tongues. We stuck 'em out awful far!"

It is a Mistake

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought, again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given Cascarets by its friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade pliates prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Cascarets. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascarets. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Trying to Satisfy Him.

Squeamish Guest (as waiter places water before him)—Waiter, are you sure this is boiled distilled water?

Waiter—I am positive, sir.

Squeamish Guest (putting it to his lips)—But it seems to taste pretty hard for distilled water.

Waiter—That's because it's hard-boiled distilled water, sir.

Annle Telford, "Queen's Nurse," of

Ballyantral, Ayrshire, England,

Writes as Follows:—

I have great pleasure in testifying what a valuable remedy in various Skin Troubles I have found Resinol Ointment to be. I have used it in extremely bad cases of Eczema and in poisoned wounds, and always with most satisfactory results. I have the highest opinion of its curative value.

Household Consternation.

"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby has swallowed a gold dollar!"

"Great heavens! Something must be done. There will be no end to the cost of living if he gets habits like that!"

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Crusts, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Asap. To Tubes—Trial Size—5c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

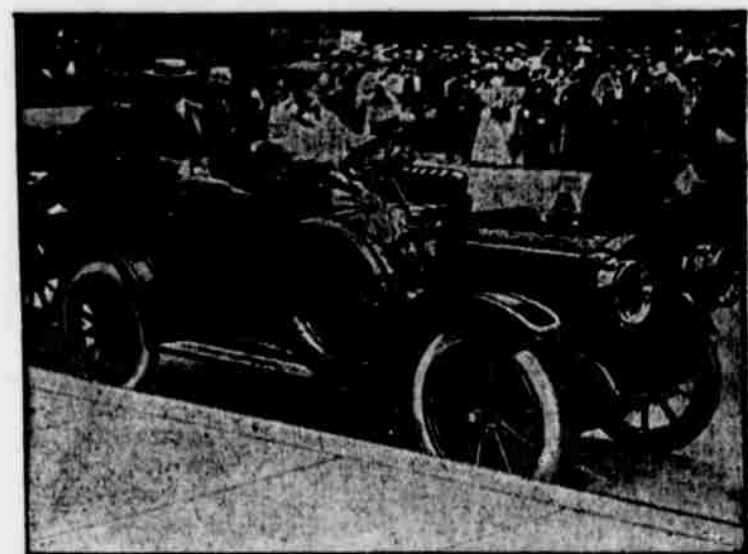
Whether the church shall stay in

the world depends not on whether the world will support it but on whether it will serve the world and save it.

ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED

The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through a Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American

The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.)

After fifteen months' absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiser August Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and hung on his very word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-mania to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discarding of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobiles. The moment the Roosevelt family and

immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Loeb transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of some forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a clambake at the Travers Island clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

GENUINE must bear signature:

Wm. Wood

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. It's a country seat in center of Rio Grande Valley and irrigation, railroad, canal, court house, bank, school, brick business houses. People needed in field, big great resources, rich enough to make you rich. Write for booklet G. quick. Chapin Towelle Co., Chapin, Tex.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO., 29-1910.

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition.



You Look Prematurely Old